



Vol. 55,

DECEMBER, 1883.

No. 12.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

BOOKS, OLD AND NEW, RELATING TO THE PACIFIC
ISLANDS.

II.

BY REV. S. C. DAMON, D. D., AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND
SOCIETY'S CHAPLAIN AT HONOLULU, H. I.

The Memoir of Henry Obookiah.

This is a very small volume, published by the American Tract Society. When I was a lad, between 1820 and 1830, it was very much read by Sabbath school boys and girls, but I fancy it is read but little in our modern times. It is, however, worthy of a thoughtful perusal by any one who wishes to understand and appreciate what God has done in the way of evangelizing the Hawaiian Islands.

The subject of the memoir was a heathen lad trained up to become a priest of heathenism. Like multitudes of Hawaiian boys he thought it would be delightful to leave his native Islands and go to America, where the great ships

came from. So when one of these ships touched at Kealakekua Bay, on the Island of Hawaii, he asked the captain to take him to America. Before leaving his native island he planted two coconut seeds, which grew, and are now waving in stately and beautiful grandeur in the Bay and may be seen by every visitor. They stand near the spot where Capt. Cook was killed.

Time rolled on and in a few months Obookiah, after visiting China, went to America, landing in New York. His captain, living in New Haven, Conn., took him with him; then follows his meeting Mr. DWIGHT and Mr. MILLS; his going to Torrington and being educated at the Cornwall Mis-

sion School, and subsequently traveling over New England. The happy result was that Obookiah was the agent whom God employed to awaken an interest in the cause of Foreign Missions, and the establishment of American Christian Missions in his native islands. He died and was buried at Cornwall, Conn. The visitor to the cemetery in that quiet country town may read the following epitaph:—

"In memory of HENRY OBOOKIAH, a native of Owyhee. His arrival in this country gave rise to the Foreign Mission School, of which he was a worthy member. He was once an Idolater, and was designed for a pagan priest; but by the grace of God, and by the prayers and instructions of pious friends, he became a Christian. He was eminent for piety and missionary zeal. When almost prepared to return to his native isle to preach the Gospel, God took him to Himself. In his last sickness he wept and prayed for Owyhee, but was submissive. He died without fear, with a heavenly smile on his countenance and glory in his soul, February 17th, 1818, aged 26."

There was another Hawaiian lad who went with Obookiah to America. His name was *Tennoe*. After spending fifty years and more in wandering over the world, he finally returned to his native island of Ōahu, and it was my privilege to officiate at his funeral in 1864. Of him I wrote and published the following obituary notice, in the *Friend*, for February of that year:

"TENNOE, ALIAS KANUI.—Died at Queen's Hospital, January 15th, 1864, William Kanui, aged about 66 years. The early life of the deceased was so intimately connected with the effort to establish Christianity upon the Sandwich Islands, that it merits more than a passing notice. He was born on the Island of Oahu, about the close of the last century. His father belonging to the party of a defeated chief, fled with his son to Waimea, Kauai. While there, an American merchant vessel, commanded by Captain Brintnall, touched for supplies. The ves-

sel had previously touched at Kealakekua, and while there the master took on board two young men whose subsequent history was remarkable. They were Obookiah and Thomas Hopu. At Waimea they were joined by William Kanui. These three youths Capt. Brintnall took to America. Soon after arrival they attracted the attention of the friends of foreign missions, and when the mission school was opened at Cornwall, Conn., they were received as pupils, with another Hawaiian, George Kamaulii, son of the King or Governor of Kauai. Obookiah died in America, but the three others came out in the brig *Thaddeus* with the first company of missionaries.

"Kanui, or Tennoe, as his name was originally written, early fell under the censure of the Church, but was subsequently restored. In 1848, when the gold excitement arose, he went to California, where he remained until about four months ago. He was successful in gold digging, but lost all, or about \$6,000, by the failure of Page, Bacon & Co., of San Francisco. During the last few years he has labored in San Francisco, and was connected with the Bethel church of that city under the charge of Rev. Mr. Rowell. Much more might be written respecting his career, but for the present we would merely add that he departed this life leaving the most substantial and gratifying evidence that he was prepared to die. His views were remarkably clear and satisfactory. Christ was his only hope, and Heaven the only desire of his heart. It was peculiarly gratifying to sit beside his bedside and hear him recount the 'wonderful ways' in which God had led him. He cherished a most lively sense of gratitude toward all those kind friends in America who provided for his education when a poor heathen stranger in a foreign land. The names of Cornelius, Mills, Beecher, Daggett, Prentice, Griffin and others were frequently upon his lips, and often mentioned with a glow of grateful emotion. At some future time we intend preparing a more extended notice of the Hawaiian youths educated at the Cornwall school."

The next year after Obookiah's death the first company of missionaries sailed from Boston, and in the autumn of 1822 the second company sailed from New Haven. The youthful and enthusiastic poet, William B. Tappan, wrote

the hymn to be sung at the embarkation of the missionaries from New Haven. This opens with the stanza,—

“Wake! Isles of the South! Your redemption
is near,—
No longer repose in the borders of gloom,
The strength of His chosen in love shall appear,
And light shall arise on the verge of the
tomb.”

The last stanza reads as follows:—

“And thou, Obookiah, now sainted above,
Wilt rejoice as the heralds their mission dis-
close,
And the prayer will be heard, that the land
thou didst love
May blossom as Sharon, and bud as the rose.”

Missionary Life among the Cannibals; being the Life of the Rev. John Geddie, D. D., first missionary to the New Hebrides; with a history of the Nova Scotia Presbyterian Mission on that group, by Rev. George Patterson, D. D. Toronto, James Cambell & Son, &c., &c., 1882.

This is a copy of the title page of a volume of 512 pages. It was a present to me from the Rev. Dr. Steel, Presbyterian minister in Sydney, N. S. W., who has also written an interesting and instructive volume, entitled *The New Hebrides and Christian Missions*. The latter is a book of 485 pages, published by James Nisbet & Co. of London, 1880. From the two volumes much valuable information may be gathered about missions in the South Sea.

Dr. Geddie's life shows how much can be accomplished by a man of average ability and indomitable Scotch energy and perseverance. Think of a parish parson, quietly settled over a Nova Scotian charge, with his growing family around him, usefully engaged in ministerial duties, and beloved by his people,—feeling that

God had called him to preach the Gospel in the far away islands of the South Seas, and on a group of islands inhabited by savage Cannibals.

Making the necessary arrangements to leave his beloved flock, the question arises, but how is he to find his way thither? He takes his family to Boston, thence around Cape Horn, arriving in Honolulu, as reported in the *Friend*, for July 29th, 1847. He preaches in my pulpit and visits other ports of our islands, but how is he to find a passage to the New Hebrides? In those years we had no palatial Australian steamers traversing the broad Pacific. After remaining here two months, I was able to secure for him and his family a gratuitous passage on board the American whaleship *Crescent*, Capt. Westfall, belonging to Sag Harbor. The captain took them to the Samoan Islands, and after other delays the new missionary finally found a home on Aneityum, the most southern island on the New Hebrides group. If any readers of the *MAGAZINE* desire to learn what Dr. Geddie and family suffered, endured, accomplished and enjoyed during the long period of their residence there, I would commend his life to their reading. On a tablet behind the pulpit in the church at Anelcauhat, on the island of Aneityum, is an inscription in the native language, of which the following is a copy:—

In memory of John Geddie, D. D., born in Scotland in 1815, minister in Prince Edward Island seven years, missionary sent from Nova Scotia at Anelcauhat, Aneityum, for twenty-four years. He labored amidst many trials for the good of the people, taught many to read, many to work and some to be teachers. He was esteemed by the

natives, beloved by his fellow-laborer, the Rev. JOHN INGLIS, and honored by the missionaries in the New Hebrides and by the churches.

WHEN HE LANDED, IN 1848, THERE WERE NO CHRISTIANS HERE, AND WHEN HE LEFT, IN 1872, THERE WERE NO HEATHENS. *He died in the Lord, in Australia, 1872. 1 Thessalonians, i, 5.*

I will merely add that among his many labors was the complete translation of the Bible into the language of the Aneitymese.

In view of labors like these, and other missionaries, who have gone to the South Seas, Africa and other parts of the heathen world, I am not surprised at the following words from the late CHARLES HODGE, D. D., of Princeton, N. J., quoted on the title page of Dr. Geddie's life:—"What I have

done is as nothing compared with what is done by a man who goes to Africa (or South Seas) and labors among a heathen tribe, and reduces their language to writing. I am not worthy to stoop down and loose the shoes of such a man."

Pastors of churches sometimes complain that they cannot find materials to make their monthly concerts interesting. I cannot see how this can be when the materials are so abundant, scattered through the pages of the history of missions, the memoirs of missionaries, and in view of the success attending the missionary enterprise, as published in our missionary monthlies and weekly religious newspapers. These, when properly condensed, form a continuation of the "Acts of the Apostles," as written by Luke.

From the New Haven, Conn., Gospel Union News, Oct., 1883.

THE SEAMEN'S BETHEL.

About twenty-five years ago an English vessel was lying in our harbor waiting for fair weather. One of the crew, an elderly man, came ashore to purchase a Bible with large print. He chanced to make the enquiry of a store-keeper in the presence and hearing of a lady. She became interested in the man, and endeavored to find for him a copy of the treasured volume such as he desired. In her search for the book she became convinced that there was a great deal of sympathy existing among the people of the city for the sailors, and this sympathy found expression in the most practical way, for soon after this little event a meeting was held at the First Baptist Church, and the subject of beginning a work among the sailors was discussed. The re-

sponse was so quick and hearty that nearly all present were surprised. The first contribution was made at that time, and came from a little girl who gave the sum of *three cents*. Previous to this time persons interested in work for the seamen had sent their contributions to New York, to the Port Society. Immediately an organization, called the Seamen's Friend Society, was formed. Every church in the city sent a delegate and there was soon several hundred dollars in the treasury, which shortly after was increased to one thousand dollars, the proceeds of a Fair held in the old State House. A Sailors' Home was opened near Custom House Square, and a Sunday-school organized, which, with a free reading-room, accomplished very much good in the months

which followed. Faithfully and lovingly the good ladies worked there, and no one knows the benefit and blessing their work was to many during those days. The great difficulty, however, was the lack of a suitable person who could give his entire time to the work. A missionary was greatly needed, who, coming from the very class which was to be reached, would devote his energies to the salvation of these "toilers of the sea." For the lack of such a man the society failed to do the best work. The funds were sufficient and the interest great, but without the man the work must cease. Such was the condition of things that soon after the house was sold, and special work among the sailors stopped. The funds coming from the sale of the property were invested, but little more was done for some time. The society gradually dissolved, but a few ladies continued to disburse the three dollars interest money, each week, in the purchase of books and papers which they put on board vessels, waiting and praying for the time when there should be begun again the much-needed work. On a cold winter evening in 1879 a prayer-meeting was held in a private house in the western part of the city. Only a few persons were present, but among the number was a young man who some time before had left his quiet farmhouse in New Hampshire for a seafaring life. A word had brought him to the meeting, and before it was over he rose, and in quiet tones said:—"I have made up my mind to begin the Christian life." This was all he said, but not all he *did*. In a few days he went to sea again and his influence was felt among his old comrades, for he became a power

for good. Coming back to New Haven he brought his shipmates with him to these meetings. The ladies of the society, in the meantime, recognized in this young man the answer to their prayers, in some measure at least, and persuaded him to begin the work at once; he did so on the 5th of April, with some reluctance, however, questioning his suitability. At first the work was the distribution of books and papers from ship to ship, and inviting the crews to church and prayer-meetings. His salary was small, but he loved the work and kept at it. When July came he had succeeded in establishing a reading-room on East Water street, and soon after held meetings there, especially for the sailors. But few found their way there at first, though the time soon came when every meeting was full and crowded. The old saw-mill was fitted up for the meetings, and soon became too small, and Mr. Thrasher was now convinced that a building adapted to their needs must be erected and set apart for the sailors. He immediately began work for this object; many appeals were made by him, generally personal, and he was soon rejoicing in such substantial encouragement that the building was begun and completed. When dedicated there remained a debt of twelve hundred dollars. In ten days Mr. Thrasher had raised the entire amount, and today the building, with the land on which it stands, is free from all encumbrance. It contains a chapel capable of seating two hundred and fifty persons; a reading-room well supplied with good reading matter, beside offices for superintendent and janitor, Writing materials are freely supplied to all who need them; in fact, all

the appointments are calculated to insure to the seamen profitable and happy days of rest, if they will but take advantage of them. During all this time the work had been carried forward with great success, until the superintendent discovered that his labor had affected his health somewhat and he thought it wise to resign, which he did December, 1882, but at a meeting of the society in January the following letter was sent to him:—

“NEW HAVEN, CONN.,
January 18th, 1883.

“MR. THRASHER. *Dear Sir*:—
At a meeting of the Executive Committee, held at the close of the monthly meeting, the officers of this society expressed their sincere desire that you should be most earnestly urged to reconsider the decision so unlooked for and deeply regretted by them, of severing your relation to the society, and withdrawing from the position so efficiently filled by yourself during the past few years. Will you have the kindness to communicate to me as early as possible the result of this request, which we trust will be favorable.

“In behalf of the Executive Committee,

S. A. BOOTH, *Sec'y.*”

Mr. Thrasher decided to continue in his work as superintendent, without salary, if an assistant could be procured who would attend to the details of the work. In the meantime his health improved, and the seamen needing the attention as always, he again took charge of the work in all its departments, resuming his position September 1st, 1883, and never was the work more called for or the outlook more hopeful than at the present time. Prob-

ably but few people understand the value of Christian work for the sailors. Noble, generous, brave-hearted men they are! their very generosity and big-heartedness carrying them into all kinds of reckless, extravagant amusements on shore after the toil, monotony and privation of the voyage. Long weeks and months they sometimes are away from home and humanizing society; thrown more than often among the degrading influences of heathen and lawless nations, who can wonder that they drift away from the early home training, which in the case of many has been careful and prayerful! No class of men *need* the Gospel more than they do, or appreciate it more when they have it. It turns their reckless daring into true bravery and courage in time of peril, and the warm, generous impulses which made him a jolly good fellow and a spendthrift, make him a lover of mankind and a giver of the great good he has himself received. And how far his good influence extends! To every country and every clime, wherever a ship can sail, so far can he carry the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ!

If our good people could hear the heartfelt testimonies given from time to time at Mr. Thrasher's meetings, or read the letters he is constantly receiving from men who have been benefited for time and eternity, they would surely appreciate this splendid work, which is becoming better known every day.

As a matter of local interest, nothing appeals more to the generosity of our citizens than this work. The Custom House report for one year shows that 6,551 vessels entered this harbor. The value of the merchandise they

carried was nearly \$171,000,000. The number of men who yearly come to our port, manning these vessels, is from 18,000 to 20,000; besides the men regularly employed upon our steamboats, and it is a *fact* that to preach the Gospel to these thousands, besides caring for them in other ways, costs less than *twelve hundred dollars* a year. Every one must see then that among all our charities this appeals with the greatest force to those who rejoice in doing good.

Contributions may be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Luman Cowles, or to any member of the Advisory Committee, who are:—Judge Hollister, F. W. Pardee, and Henry Alling, or a letter to the Superintendent of the Seamen's Bethel will receive attention.

The services at the Bethel, 92 Water street are held: Sunday, at 3 p. m.; Thursday, at 8 p. m.; and a temperance meeting Sunday or Friday evening. All are cordially invited.

THE FIRST OCEAN STEAMER.

EXPLOITS OF THE SAVANNAH, AND HER RECEPTION IN ENGLAND
SIXTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

The *Savannah* was the first ocean steamship, and she first crossed the water in 1819. This vessel—pronounced a myth by Mr. Woodcroft in his work on "Steam Navigation," and regarding which the London *Illustrated Times* for January 16th, 1858, says, it "is forced into the belief it was a mere afterthought of the Americans," and claiming that the *Rob Roy*, a British steam packet between Glasgow and Belfast, was the first sea-going steamer—can easily be shown was no myth, but a *bona fide* sea-going steamer, and that by the aid of sails and steam she made the passage from New York to Liverpool in twenty-five days, in 1819.

In Turner's "Book of Dates," a large 8vo. volume published by Blackwood, London, it is recorded, "June 15, 1819, arrival, at Liverpool, the steamship *Savannah*, the first passage across the Atlantic by steam."

The *Savannah* was built at Corlear's Hook, New York, by Crocker & Fickett. She was 380 tons burden and was launched on the 22nd of August, 1818, and built

to ply between New York and Liverpool as a sailing packet. About the time of her launch Captain Moses Rogers, then of Savannah, Georgia, suggested to Messrs. Dunning, Scarborough, O. Sturges, B. Burroughs, J. P. Henry, Berna McKinna, and others of that city, the idea of constructing a steamer for plying between Savannah and Liverpool. They accordingly purchased this ship, just launched at Corlear's Hook, and well adapted for the purpose, and named her the *Savannah*. They allowed the rigging and other appurtenances for sailing to remain, and supplied her with machinery and paddle wheels, the latter constructed to fold up like a fan, and laid upon the deck when not in use, her shaft having also a joint for that purpose. The wheel house was made of canvas extended on an iron rim. She made a trial voyage to Savannah in April, 1819, and arrived there from New York in seven days, after a boisterous passage, during which she had several times to take in her wheels and rely upon her sails.

This trial trip left no doubt that the *Savannah* would successfully accomplish the object for which she was purchased, and she sailed from Savannah for Liverpool, May 26th, 1819. The New York papers of the 2nd of June notice her having been spoken at sea, all well. The log book of the *Plato*, which arrived at Baltimore from Bremen, contains the following passage:—"June 2nd, 1819; clear weather, smooth sea, latitude 42°, longitude 50°. Spoke and passed the elegant steamship, eight days out from Savannah to Petersburg, by way of Liverpool. She passed us at a rate of nine or ten knots, and the Captain informed us she worked remarkably well, and the greatest compliment we could bestow was to give her three cheers, as the happiest effort of mechanical genius that ever appeared on the Western ocean."

Niles' New York *Register*, for the 21st of August, contains the following paragraph italicised at the head of its column of foreign news:—"The steamship *Savannah*, Captain Moses Rogers, the first that ever crossed the Atlantic, arrived at Liverpool in twenty-five days from Savannah, all well, to the great astonishment of the people of that place. She worked her engine eighteen days." It is stated that on the *Savannah's* approach to Liverpool with sails furled and American colors flying, the piers were thronged by thousands, who greeted her arrival with the most vociferous cheers, and before she anchored her decks were so crowded that it was with the greatest difficulty the crew could move about in the performance of their duty.

The next record of her movements is that she sailed in August for St. Petersburg, passing Elsin-

ore on the 13th, and that the British "wisely supposed her visit to be somehow connected with the ambitious views of the United States."

She returned to Savannah in November, 1819, after a passage of 53 days from St. Petersburg via Copenhagen and Arendahl in Norway, all well; in the language of Captain Rogers,—“with neither a screw, or bolt, or rope yarn parted, though she encountered a very heavy gale in the North Sea.” She left Savannah for Washington on the 4th of November, and lost her boats off Cape Hatteras.

But for the war of 1812 the *Savannah* would have been anticipated in her ocean voyage by a larger and superior vessel, built by a company for the Russian Government. This vessel, the *Emperor Alexander*, was nearly ready for sea when her departure was prevented by the declaration of war, in June, 1812. Under the name of the *Connecticut* she was known upon the waters of Long Island Sound, and later in her history was a weekly packet between Portland, Maine, and Boston, Mass.

Captain Stevens Rogers, under date of New London, Conn., May 2nd, 1856, swears that he is aged 68 years; that he was sailing master of the steamer *Savannah* on her trip to Liverpool, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, etc. He says:—

“We sailed from Savannah for Liverpool on the 26th of May, 1819. Moses Rogers, my brother-in-law, was master and engineer. I was sailing master, and Mr. Blackman was third officer. We made the port of Liverpool twenty-two days after leaving Savannah, fourteen of the twenty-two under steam. The only reason why the whole voyage was not performed

by steam was the fear of the fuel giving out. Off Cape Clear the Admiral at Cork dispatched a ship to our relief, supposing we were on fire. At Liverpool we caused a great deal of excitement, and some suspicion as having some design to release Napoleon from St. Helena. From Liverpool we proceeded to Copenhagen, and from thence to Stockholm. At both places she excited great curiosity; at the latter place she was visited by the royal family, Mr. Hughes (our Minister) and Lord Lyndock. Lord L. went with us to St. Petersburg. On the passage he desired us to bring the vessel from steam to canvas. He held his watch and noted the time, fifteen minutes. So delighted was he that he exclaimed:—"I blame no man born in the United States for being proud of his country; and were I a young man I'd go there myself." The Emperor of Russia came on board at Cronstadt, and was much pleased with the vessel, and presented Capt. Rogers with two iron chairs, one of which is now in the garden of Mr. Dunning, at Savannah."—*American Ship.*

"No More Sea."

St. John in Revelation xxi. 1, says that he "saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away, and that there was *no more sea.*" It has been somewhat difficult to explain the latter part of this passage.

A very probable explanation arises from the peculiar situation of the aged apostle at the time this record was penned. He had been banished to the isle of Patmos, and was then living amidst the solitude and desolateness of

his banishment. The mighty sea rolled at his feet. It was this sea which lay between him and the home where his affections were centered, where his labors for his divine Master had been performed, and his victories for Him achieved, and to which his thoughts constantly turned. No wonder that as he reflected on his banishment, the separating sea, and the far off home, his thoughts dwelt on the "new heaven and the new earth," remembering with joy that there would be no partings, no sundering of fond ties, no seas of separation there, to withhold him from the objects of his affection and desire.

But does not this language seem also prophetic in a literal sense? Does not the allusion suggest the possible great changes in the structure of this globe, by which in its history, or in its reconstructed state, there shall literally be "no sea."

It appears to be a theory supported by the investigations of the geologist, that amidst the elevations and depressions going on in the surface of the earth, the elevations are gradually gaining upon the depressions, and that the sea is slowly disappearing. If this theory is correct, and the present tendency in such processes of nature continues, may not the time come in the history of this globe when the sea will literally cease to exist, and the whole earth be occupied by man, or by the redeemed of the Lord, and the "whole earth filled with the glory of the Lord"? And may not this be one of those many passages in the sacred Word, which, by stating scientific facts far beyond the knowledge of the sacred penman, or of the age in which he lived, prove that the revelation made comes from God?

For the Sailors' Magazine.

MY VISITORS FROM HEAVEN.

Written for an Orphan Cousin at North Tarrytown, N. Y.,

BY REV. EDWARD HOPPER, D. D.

The shadows of my dear departed ones
 Do come to me within my lonely room:
 They sit with me, while swift the hour-glass runs
 Its hours,—those silent footsteps towards the tomb.

They speak to me; and I have ears to hear,
 But cannot hear them speak with their old voice,
 But as the soul hears words of holy cheer,
 So do I hear them speaking, and rejoice.

They lead me forth, from present place and wo,
 Along the pathway to the dear bright past,
 To that loved home where we dwelt long ago,
 Among the joys which could not always last.

And here we are again!—in this dear place,—
 We all: we meet, and greet each other, once again,
 But oh! I cannot clasp them, and embrace,
 And kiss them with my lips, as I kissed then.

Across the street the church stands bright, to-day,—
 The open door to their celestial home,—
 Through which they passed;—Oh, is it far away?
 “*Not far!*” they whisper; and they bid me,—“*Come!*”

My brother, only brother Charles, so young, so bright
 With hope, and that which made his hope so strong,—
 His sun went down ere it had reached its height,
 His youthful voice was tuned to angels' song.

My father, purified by suffering years,
 Succumbed at last, and, yielding in the strife,
 With sudden bound, passed from this world of tears
 To join the son he loved as his own life.

And last, my mother! Oh, my mother, dear!
 How could I live and have thee far away!
 Thou art not far away, but always near,—
 Within my heart, my mother! night and day.

They joined their loved ones, with the sweet “*All hail!*”
 Who passed from the old homestead, high and fair,
 Which overlooked the river and the vail,
 To Home beyond; and now they all are there.

Both *there* and *here*! Do I not know, and see,
 And feel them by me, while I watch and wait?
 And they are waiting too,—they wait for me,
 Till He shall call, who keeps the Homestead Gate!

November, 1883.

On Alcohol.

I am aware there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, that it is demoralizing to everybody that touches it, from the source to where it ends. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All they have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the destruction, of the little children tugging at the breast, of weeping and despairing wives asking for bread, of the man struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jail, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds, on either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this vile stuff called alcohol.

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, and manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills your

jails, supplies almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for the scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the aliment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man and consumes woman, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies votes, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations; and, insatiate with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

It does all that and more. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies; the father of all crimes; the mother of all abominations; the curse of curses; the Devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.—*Robert G. Ingersoll, before the Supreme Court of Illinois.*

The Scripture Roll at Sea.

My Dear Sir:—I must ask your pardon for my apparent indifference to your kindness in not long before this acknowledging the letter enclosed in the grant of "Seamen's Rolls," etc., you so kindly sent me. This was the cause: the parcel was placed on a shelf, and only partially opened, sufficient to take out as required, so that it was only to-day your letter of November 4th, 1882, came to hand, and which I hasten to acknowledge. One good thing, however, has happened by the delay. It has given time for your labor of love to bring forth fruit. Visiting a collier brig, where one of the seamen's rolls hang in the cabin, the captain said to me, "you see the roll you gave us last voyage, Mr. C., they're grand things, sir. I fully expected going home last time, when we were caught with that awful gale, that we had seen all our days,—the ship was on her beam-ends, the coals having shifted, and the boats were smashed to pieces, and night coming on. Going below for a few minutes, my eye rested on the text for the day (8th), "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," etc., and he repeated it through. 'Do you know, sir, it came to me like an angel's voice, and I seemed to feel sure that the Lord would spare us somehow. And when I went on deck again I said, 'keep a good heart, my lads, God is as good as His word, He will pull us through this trouble if we will only trust him.' After this we set a handful of canvas, and got her on the other tack, and the wind fairly blew her upright; then we sounded the pump, and there was 5 ft. 6 in. of water in the hold. We must now pump, lads, for our

lives, I said, or she'll sink under us, poor thing—God is good. And to my astonishment I repeated the whole text to them, but I don't recollect learning it. Then little Bill said, "Let us strike up 'Pull for the shore, brother,'" and so they did; they pumped and sung one hymn after another from five p.m. till eight o'clock next morning, when we sighted a Lowestoft lugger-fishing boat. I hoisted the Union down, and he was soon alongside in his boat. This gave my crew fresh heart, and again we went to the pumps, singing Sanky's hymns. This extra help allowed two and two to go below and get a pint of coffee and a bite to eat, and they sorely needed it, sir—wet through, and chaffed raw under the arms with pumping for thirteen hours. And while ye're feeding, lads, keep your eye on the text; and I believe they did, and got fresh comfort and strength from it, etc. It's a grand thing, sir, to have the Word of God a-staring ye in the face at any time, but especially so in a time like that.' This is one simple instance of the power of the Word. There are others I could give you if at any time required.—I remain, dear sir, yours most respectfully, M. J. C."—*Chart and Compass, August, 1883.*

The Archbishop of Canterbury and a French Sailor.

"Some time ago," said the Archbishop, in an address before the British and Foreign Bible Society, last May, in London, Eng., "I was staying in a French village, and made acquaintance with an old sailor. He was plainly a devout Roman Catholic, though I never spoke to him about it, but when

the time of my going away came near, he asked me whether I would leave him some remembrance of my little chats with him. He said in a way that rather startled me, though I am not very sure that he did not do it rather to please me, 'Will you give me a French Bible?' I said, 'Have you not got one?' 'No,' he said, 'I never had one.' There was plenty of time, and I thought I might be doing him much real service, in case he was asking for it to flatter me, if I were to wait a bit and let him ask once or twice. I then wrote to England for a French Bible. The time of my going away was very near. I was surprised at

what he did; he took hold of my hand, and he buried the Bible in his blue shirt so that no one could see that he had it. I said, 'What are you going to do with it?' and he said, 'I shall read it to my children.' I said, 'Do you gather your children together every night before going to bed?' 'Yes,' he said, 'before going to bed they come every night around the table, and I say prayers for them, but now I shall be able to read to them a little bit out of this book.' (Cheers.) Can any one urge that I should have had under the circumstances, a right to withdraw from that man that book?" (Cheers.)

WORK AMONG SEAMEN.

CORRESPONDENCE, REPORTS, &c.

At Stations on the Foreign Field.

Labrador Coast, N. A.

ESQUIMAUX BAY AND BONNE ESPERANCE
HARBOR.

Rev. GEORGE ROGER, sailor-missionary, writing October 15th, '83, reports:—

"On our arrival here from England in 1882, we soon found ourselves in our winter station in Esquimaux Bay where about sixty souls resided. There, during a long and severe winter (1882-3), religious services were regularly conducted, and were well attended by people living in our own settlement. We had, also, generally, representatives from other settlements. We cannot say that we had many conversions, yet we do believe that God was in our midst, strengthening and confirming His own in the faith and gradually leading others into the glorious light and liberty of the children of God. In many difficulties we tried to extend our influence to other settlements near us, as well as to settlements far along the coast, by visiting from house to house, by the distribution of religious papers, and by holding meetings where a few houses

were near each other. In our own settlement a day school was regularly kept for children. This branch of the work was conducted by Miss CORRIE, who endeavored to help the children spiritually as well as intellectually. Weekly meetings were conducted by Mrs. ROGER, for women. The greater number of those attending took part, by leading in prayer.

At Bonne Esperance.

"In the beginning of summer (1883) as fishing was likely to be a failure, fishermen were much disheartened and moved about from place to place, consequently they were not easy to be reached so as to benefit them. However, people about us and such as come to our harbor, in vessels, generally met with us. As the summer wore on, fishing became better: then more vessels were anchored in our harbor, so that on Sundays our little church, which holds about two hundred people, was filled. Some of the fishermen took part with much spirit in leading devotions in our prayer meetings.

"Vessels in harbor have been visited weekly, when papers for Sunday reading

have been left on each, and they were received with thankfulness. Often when thus visiting vessels we had opportunities to speak a word for the Master. Not only have we tried to benefit fishermen spiritually, but also in cases of sickness have rendered what help we could by advice and medicines which we keep in store for that purpose.

"Other ports than our own have also been visited by us, where meetings have been held, visitations made, and papers, etc., given away. We believe that there is much need of mission work being carried on here. Although during the winter the people are few and far between, yet hundreds can be reached during the winter season, and thousands during the summer when fishing is going on,—who would otherwise be left nearly altogether without religious teachers. We wish to reach as many as possible during both summer and winter. So we would be glad to be remembered in prayer by Christian friends."

Sweden.

HELSINGBORG.

In July, August and September, 1883, Rev. N. P. WAHLSTEDT labored among seamen and preached in the vicinity of H., twice each Sabbath, and twice in every week, beside. He writes:—

"A young man who some weeks ago was a swearer and drunkard lately came to our meetings and confesses now that he has peace in believing in Jesus, and wishes to be His true disciple.—A sailor on a Danish vessel told me that he had been converted, but had gone back to the world. I showed him to Jesus. He confessed himself unhappy. May the Lord have mercy upon him!—Several seamen whom I have met have been very joyful in their faith in Jesus who seeks the lost sheep among them.—In Råa I was invited to visit an old fisherman, aged eighty-two years. He was very weak but anxious for his soul's salvation, and received with great thankfulness the glad message of God's gospel to poor sinners. His aged wife was also anxious for her soul, and declared that she would come to the Savior."

GEFLE.

Mr. E. ERIKSSON, in the third quarter of this year, continued his work for sailors, preaching at Sundswall, in chapels and mission houses near the harbor. One of his interesting cases was that of a free-thinking mate who after conference with the missionary declared that now he would "believe and follow Jesus." At Hüdikswall and Soderhamm the Lord blessed His word in religious meetings, men wept over their sins, and began to follow Christ. At Skutskar he met a Norwegian Christian captain, and held meetings on his vessel, at which both the mate and carpenter of the ship became disciples of Jesus, which deeply moved several ungodly ship-captains who were present.

ISLAND OF GOTHLAND.

In transmitting his last report, the venerable JOHN LINDELIUS, now for more than twenty-five years in our service, after recounting his perseverance in Christian labor for seamen during the past summer, and saying how his mingling with Christian sailors has rejoiced his heart, adds:—"And now may the blessing of the Lord rest upon our dear Society, and upon their work! I cannot do much but I will continually pray for you, and labor as much as I am able, and as God grants me for His kingdom among the sailors."

Hawaiian Islands.

HONOLULU.

The Jubilee (fiftieth anniversary) of the Sailors' Bethel, Rev. S. C. DAMON, D. D., chaplain, was to occur November 28th, and the Dr. expected to prepare for it a special discourse.

Chili. S. A.

VALPARAISO.

Rev. FRANK THOMPSON, newly appointed chaplain to this port expects to sail from New York, for his field of labor, Dec. 10th.

At Ports in the United States.

New York.

BROOKLYN U. S. NAVY YARD.

The Board of Trustees of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY at its meeting October 31st, 1883, re-appointed as its chaplain, with his field of labor at this Yard, Rev. E. N. CRANE, formerly in its service, during a sixteen years' term of labor at the port of Norfolk, Va. Rev. Mr. Crane began his work promptly on the first Sabbath of last month, and is already cheered by helpful and promising coöperation from the authorities of the Yard, and from Christians in Brooklyn who for years past have aided in efforts for the good of seamen. It is matter for thanksgiving that a man with such a record takes up the work in Brooklyn laid down a year ago by the departed WILLIAMS.

STAPLETON, S. I.

Mrs. E. A. BRINCKERHOFF, of Englewood, N. J., has, with characteristic

generosity provided the beautiful organ needed in the chapel services conducted by Rev. Dr. KIP, who officiates every Sabbath at the Government Hospital. The want of this instrument was mentioned in our last MAGAZINE, and the donor has by this gift greatly contributed to the enjoyment of the sick sailors, to whom the resident chaplain most satisfactorily ministers.

Louisiana.

NEW ORLEANS.

Rev. L. H. PEASE, seamen's chaplain, hitherto in the service of this Society has lately returned to this port, and writes us:—"The affairs of the Bethel never seemed to be in a more hopeful or encouraging condition than at present. I am looking to God for a great blessing the coming season,—and saying,—“My soul! wait thou only upon God!”

Obituary.

REAR ADMIRAL STEPHEN DECATUR TRENCHARD, U. S. N.

The *N. Y. Herald* of November 16th, says:—

“Rear Admiral Stephen D. Trenchard, of the United States Navy, who was placed on the retired list in July, 1880, died yesterday at his residence in this city. He was born in New York on July 10th, 1818, and entered the Navy in 1834. After service in a receiving ship and at the Naval School in Philadelphia he was promoted to passed midshipman in 1840. He then joined the sloop *Preble*, of the West India squadron, and was attached to her until 1844, when he was ordered to the sloop *Fairfield* of the home squadron. He was commissioned as lieutenant in 1847, and served afterward on the coast survey, the home squadron and the steam frigate *Powhatan*, of the East India squadron. When the war broke out he was

placed in command of the steamer *Rhode Island*, a supply vessel to the blockading squadron. In 1862 he was commissioned as commander. He took part in two attacks on Fort Fisher, and after the war was made captain and placed in command of the steam sloop *Lancaster*, the flagship of the South Atlantic squadron. He was forty-eight years in the navy.

“Rear Admiral Trenchard was a gallant officer, whose courage and capabilities were undoubted. He had but few opportunities to show the sterling stuff he was made of, but he utilized all that came in his way. It will be remembered that it was the *Rhode Island* which on one occasion chased the *Alabama* for more than twelve hours, but, owing to the rebel cruiser's sailing power and the deeply laden condition of the *Rhode Island*, she succeeded in getting away. The *Rhode Island* was also engaged in towing the *Monitor* from Hampton Roads to Beaufort, N. C., on her last voyage. The *Monitor* foundered off Cape Hatteras in a heavy gale of wind and sixteen of her crew went down with her. Through the exertions of the crew of the *Rhode*

Island the rest were saved. After this the *Rhode Island* was sent in pursuit of the *Alabama* and she continued her search for nearly twelve months."

Rear Admiral Trenchard, who always evinced a deep interest in the work of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY, was elected one of its Honorary Vice-Presidents May, 1875, and since that time has been annually re-elected as such. He had the bearing of a Christian gentleman as well as that of an efficient officer, and was everywhere known for his trust and hope in the Savior.

DEA. ISRAEL STARKS.

The Brockport, N. Y., *Index* contains a lengthy commemorative notice of this useful Christian, who fell asleep in Jesus, at B., on the 15th of August last, aged seventy-seven years. Converted to Christ at fifteen, the remainder of his days were passed in the active service of his master, in Central New York. His singleness of aim, transparent purity of purpose and blameless character were attended, from the first, with the favoring witness of God to His acceptance of efforts made for His glory and the good of men. This especially shone out in his long service for canal boatmen, of which the notice referred to fitly says:—

"The crying needs of the men employed along the line of the Erie Canal, could not long be unnoticed by a man like Deacon Starks. He entered into the work as a Bethel missionary and was for many years in the employ of the AMERICAN SEAMEN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. With his brusque manner and his kind heart, he was peculiarly fitted for dealing with the men whom he found upon the canal, and his plain, simple manner of presenting and of illustrating the truths of the Gospel soon won the affection of those whom he addressed. During the time of his active service in this work, there was probably no man better known along the canal than he, and possibly no man on the canal has done so extensive a work in distributing tracts, praying, reading and expounding the Scriptures, and especially in personal religious conversation. The record of these crowded years of activity, is written on high.

"A severe personal injury received while on the canal impaired his usefulness in this work and no doubt shortened his days. He lived for some years in Syracuse, and was an active member of the Central Church in that city. At length he returned to Brockport with the intention of finishing his days here. With advancing age, there was a gradual failing of strength, but no diminution of his love of working for souls. He was always in his place at the services of God's house until attendance became a physical impossibility. Indeed long after many men would have regarded themselves as disabled, he dragged himself to the house of the Lord.

"A tendency to paralysis, which had begun to show itself years ago, became more marked in December last, and since that time, he has been gradually losing possession of his powers. During his delirium, his mind came back again and again to God's Word, and passages which had been learned in early life, and which he had been unable to recall in late years, came to him, accurately as of old. The same thing was also true of many passages of poetry, especially of several hymns, of which he was very fond."

For the Sailors' Magazine.

New York Marine Temperance Society.

This Society continues to be successful in its good work, having celebrated its Semi-Centennial on the first Tuesday evening of March, 1883. It was organized February 21st, 1833, in the old Port Society's Seamen's Bethel in Roosevelt Street, with some forty members, only two of whom, so far as known, are now living.—Capt. M. R. FRISBIE, the present President, and Capt. CHARLES F. SWAIN, 1st Vice-President.

The Society has had but three Presidents,—Capt. THOMAS WARDELL, for one year; Capt. EDWARD RICHARDSON, thirty-seven years; and Capt. M. R. FRISBIE, thirteen years next May.

At the time of the Semi-Centennial anniversary there had been 67,046 names enrolled upon the Society's books as signers of the pledge,—in one year (1875),

2,389 signed, 997 of whom were seamen on board the Receiving-ship *Vermont* at the Brooklyn Navy Yard; and in the last fifteen years 17,778 have signed the pledge at the Navy Yard and Hospital at Brooklyn. At this date over *sixty-eight thousand* seamen, their friends and others, have their names enrolled on the Society's books, members pledged to temperance and to promote the Temperance Cause among seamen.

The meetings of the Society are held on the first Tuesday evening of each month in the Port Society's Mariners' Church, corner of Madison and Catharine Streets, and are strictly Gospel temperance meetings. The religious element, as from the first, is made prominent in them,—and often numbers of seamen at these meetings ask for prayer in their behalf, both to keep the pledge and that they may be brought to a saving knowledge of the truth in Christ. Over thirty at one meeting, have, by rising, asked prayer for the saving grace of the Gospel. At the Tuesday evening meeting October 2nd, '83, thirty-nine signed the pledge, and through the earnest labors of the Secretary, Capt. D. C. SMITH, this number was increased to eighty during the month,—numbers of whom publicly desired prayers for the salvation of the "Gospel of the blessed God," noble, hardy seamen, fully in earnest, among whom conversions are frequent.

This Society is said to be the oldest and largest organization of the kind in the world, and one that has done a vast amount of good among sailors. Many seamen after uniting with it have saved their wages and deposited them in Banks for Savings, and have thus had something to make them comfortable in their old age. So, too, many, even thousands, have become subjects of divine grace, true Christian men, and gone forth as messengers of mercy carrying the glad tidings of salvation to all parts of the world.

F.

Liverpool Homes for Aged Mariners.

We are indebted to a friend for the *Mercantile Marine Service Association Reporter*, published in Liverpool, Eng., with full record of the dedication of the Liverpool Homes for Aged Mariners, and descriptions of the same. The same friend has sent us a lithograph of the building and surroundings. The main building of the Home stands on the bank of the Mersey, in the middle of grounds about five acres in area, broken up into terraces, shrubberies and walks. It is plainly a noble edifice of much architectural dignity, admirably adapted to its beneficent purposes, and is wholly the gift of WILLIAM CLIFF, Esq., a Liverpool merchant, in memory of a deceased daughter. Besides erecting the building, the generous donor, since its completion and opening, has contributed to a permanent endowment fund, £5,000. A special feature of the Homes is the erection, on the grounds, of four Cottage Blocks, in which are safely to be housed, hereafter, not only needy and deserving aged mariners, but in special cases, their wives or other members of their families. These have been generously built by other benevolent citizens of Liverpool, and the group of edifices thus brought into connection form one of the most imposing and praiseworthy specimens of modern and Christian philanthropy on behalf of the men of the sea.

At Glasgow, Scotland—A New Bethel.

The *North British Mail* of 15th October printed a lengthy account of the laying of the memorial (corner) stone of a new Seaman's Bethel to be erected, as above, by the Glasgow Seamen's Friend Society. The building is to be eighty-three feet front on Eaglesham Street. On the ground floor, in front, are provided a small hall about

thirty feet square, which is intended to be used as coffee-rooms, when required, a recreation room 46 feet by 31 feet, with retiring rooms and a reading-room to the back 36 by 15 feet. The upper floors contain a keeper's house, and accommodation which can, if desired, be utilized as a "rest" for distressed seamen. The area of the chapel measures 68 feet by 46 feet 6 inches, and its ceiling is 25 feet in height. The entire cost of plot and building will be about \$27,500.

For our Work, and the Magazine.

"I enclose," says a lady at Albany, N. Y., "a check for \$—, the amount of my annual subscription. If it could be ten times as much it would not be in proportion to my interest in your work."

"I must thank you again," says another correspondent, for the SAILORS' MAGAZINE. The November number is a rich one. I think the first article a wonderful instance of God's covenant keeping to His believing children. I shall send it to a praying mother in New Hampshire."

It is gratifying to learn that the MAGAZINE interests its readers, and so profits the cause it serves. From more than one quarter tributes have been received to the last issue. A pastor in Massachusetts wants *Converted at Sea*, certainly one of the most powerful and instructive pieces of religious writing to be met with anywhere,—reprinted in tract form. For his information and that of others we may say that it has already been so issued, and can be had by application at our Rooms. At the November monthly concert in one of the Milford, Conn., churches, we are told that *Converted at Sea*, and the *Sketch of Miss Agnes Weston* were read in full. Kindred testimony reaches us from other sources, notably the gathering of the pupils of a well known boarding school in New England on Sunday evening No-

vember 18th to listen to the marvelous record of Rev. Mr. THOMPSON'S long struggle against and ultimate submission to God.

Jesus Walking on the Sea.

John vi : 19.

When around my pathway sweep
Raging floods and waters deep;
When the sea with angry roar,
Breaks upon the rocky shore;

When night sinks upon the wave,
And no hand is stretched to save;
Then my spirit, tempest-tossed,
Fears, and cries "I shall be lost!"

But there comes a radiant form,
Shining through the night and storm,
And I hear a calm, sweet voice
Bid my trembling heart rejoice.

"Why, O soul, art thou dismayed?
It is I; be not afraid."
Jesus! Master! ever be
Near me on life's troubled sea.

C. E. Linsley, in New York Observer.

"Nelson" ought to be in every Loan Library.

Captain A. D. COLCORD of the American schooner *Jennie R. Morse*, dating at Pensacola, Fla., October 26th, 1883, says to our Secretary at Boston, Mass. :—

"The loan library, No. 7,154,* which you put on board my vessel, has been read by myself and crew, and I trust it has done us good. The crew seemed eager to get the books, and I often see them reading. To me they have been a source of comfort and instruction. The volume *Nelson on Infidelity* ought to be in every library. I consider it an excellent book. It must do a great deal of good.

"Captain EATON of the schooner *A. L. Butler* of Boston, Mass., is here, and had one of your libraries which he wished to

* Contributed by R. E. Hungerford, Watertown, N. Y.

exchange with me (No. 7,375 †); having had it a year. So I have exchanged with him."

† Contributed by First Church (Cong.), Cambridge, Mass.

Books, Etc.

THE JOURNAL OF CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY. Edited by JOHN A. PAINE. "Set for the Defense of the Gospel." October, 1883, N. Y., Room 30, Bible House, Astor Place. Published by the Editor. Issued quarterly at \$2.50 *per annum*.

Prof. PAINE, well known as Archæologist and Orientalist, proposes to himself an aim that is of the highest, in a Magazine addressed to thoughtful persons, clerical and lay, through the engagement of the best evangelical scholarship in the United States and abroad, for these ends:—1, to recast Theistic arguments, with special reference to the freshest discoveries; 2, to discuss the relations of the supernatural to the natural; 3, to restate the evidences of Christianity under the tests of modern criticism; 4, to set forth the reality, beauty and joy of the Christian life; 5, to bring to the witness of the Bible the results of contemporary study in its history and languages; 6, to adapt its essays to the restoration of belief among those whose assurance has been shaken by destructive attacks and materialistic theories. The list of those who are specially to aid him comprises the names of men who are precisely what has been spoken of,—the best evangelical scholarship of the country, and we have no hesitancy in commending his Journal to our readers, as we have no question of its real need in the exigencies of the time.

Mr. S. B. SCHIEFFELIN has our thanks for one hundred copies of AN INDEX TO THE HOLY BIBLE, Etc., pp. 94, issued by the Board of Publication of the Reformed Church in America. They will be used for distribution to our chaplains and missionaries, and for our loan library work.

YOUTH'S COMPANION, for 1884. Boston, Mass., Perry Mason & Co., 41 Temple Place.

The venerable weekly which, in common with thousands, we learned to love when we were children, keeps a green old age and is more worthy and rewarding of perusal, than at any time in its history. Special features of interest are announced for the next year.

Sailors' Home, New York.

190 CHERRY STREET.

Report of F. Alexander, Lessee, for the month of

OCTOBER, 1883.

Total arrivals.....	165
Deposited for safe keeping.....	\$1,450
of which \$285 was sent to relatives and friends, \$400 was deposited in Savings Bank, and \$704 was returned to boarders.	

Planets for December, 1883.

MERCURY is an evening star setting during the forepart of the month shortly after the Sun, and on the 31st at 6h. 3m., and south of west 23° 33'; is in conjunction with the Moon at 39m. after midnight on the 31st, being 6° 50' south.

VENUS is also an evening star, setting on the 1st at 5h. 36m., and south of west 22° 58'; is twice in conjunction with the Moon during this month, the first time on the morning of the 1st at 4h. 39m., being 5° 9' south, and then again on the afternoon of the 31st at 2h. 34m., being now 6° 51' south.

MARS crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 4h. 50m., being at this time 17° 28' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the forenoon of the 18th at 9h. 8m., being 8° 18' north; is stationary among the stars in Leo at 1 o'clock on the morning of the 23rd.

JUPITER crosses the meridian on the morning of the 1st at 3h. 48m., being at this time 19° 35' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 16th at 10h. 3m., being 5° 43' north.

SATURN crosses the meridian on the evening of the 1st at 11h. 49m., being at this time 19° 25' north of the equator; is in conjunction with the Moon on the evening of the 12th at 8h. 5m., being 55' north; at this time is eclipsed to all persons situated between the parallels of latitude 18° and 71° south.

New York University.

R. H. B.

Receipts for October, 1883.

MAINE.

Bangor, Central ch., for lib'y..... \$ 20 00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Brentwood, Cong. church..... 3 00
 Concord, L. F. L., for "Little Mary's"
 Memorial Library..... 20 00
 North Hampton, Cong. ch. and Soc'y..... 12 00

VERMONT.

Orwell, Cong. ch. and Soc'y..... 19 25
 Pittsford, Cong. S. S., for lib'y..... 20 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Amherst, 1st Cong. church..... 15 57
 Attleboro, 2nd Cong. ch. and Soc'y... 43 56
 Blanford, A Lady Friend..... 5 00
 Boston, Bethel Temperance Soc'y.... 3 83
 Boxboro, Cong. ch..... 3 50
 Dalton, Cong. S. S., for lib'y..... 20 00
 Dighton, Cong. ch., \$20, Mrs. E. M.
 Green for lib'y..... 20 00
 Fitchburg, Rollstone ch..... 30 00
 Framingham, Mrs. D. F. Birchard and
 Mr. Birchard for relief of destitute
 seamen..... 55 00
 Franklin, 1st Cong. ch..... 9 23
 Gardner, Mrs. E. J. Sawyer for lib'y
 to be called the "Edward Julius
 Sawyer, M. D., Library," in mem-
 ory of her husband..... 20 00
 Gloucester, Cong. ch..... 10 00
 Granby, Cong. ch., for lib'y..... 20 00
 Harvard, Cong. ch..... 13 75
 Holyoke, 1st Cong. ch..... 4 70
 Huntington, Amanda S. Brown..... 1 00
 Lowell, High Street ch., of wh. \$20
 from M. A. C. and H. L. C., and
 \$20 from F. M. C. and F. M. C.,
 for lib's..... 76 22
 Mattapoisett, Cong. ch..... 9 14
 Newburyport, Bellville ch., of wh. \$20
 for lib'y by Joshua Hale..... 48 60
 Palmer, 2nd Cong. ch., of wh. \$20 for
 lib'y..... 25 00
 Pepperell, Cong. ch..... 5 33
 South Peabody, Samuel Brown..... 2 00
 Springfield, 1st Cong. ch..... 33 23
 South Cong. ch..... 21 76
 Eben Stebbins..... 1 00
 Stockbridge, Mr. Sarah B. Cone..... 50 00
 Tewksbury, Cong. ch..... 11 50
 Wellesley, L. B. Horton..... 20 00
 Westfield, 2nd Cong. ch..... 10 00
 Westford, Rev. Leonard Luce..... 1 00
 Westhampton, Cong. ch. S. S..... 25 00
 West Newbury, Cong. ch., additional,
 West Springfield, 2nd Cong. ch..... 4 50
 Worcester, Central ch..... 6 03
 Donation from Rev. Henry T. Chee-
 ver and Mrs. J. Washburn, for li-
 brary..... 28 98
 20 00

RHODE ISLAND.

Providence, Central Cong. ch..... 120 60
 A. G. Stilwell, for a lib'y as mem'l
 of Mrs. Lydia J. Stilwell..... 20 00

CONNECTICUT.

Berlin, 2nd Cong. church..... 5 00
 Bristol, S. Emerson Root, for a loan
 library..... 20 00
 Brooklyn, Eugene H. Fuller..... 1 00
 Clinton, George G. Hull, for a loan
 library..... 20 00

Darien, Cong. church..... 15 00
 Fairfield, 1st Cong. church, of wh. for
 lib's, viz: Edward Sturges, \$20;
 Frederick Sturges, \$20, for lib'y
 in name of Mary Fuller Sturges,
 and O. B. Jennings, \$20 for lib'y... 106 57
 Glastonbury, 1st Cong. ch. and Soc'y... 50 00
 Greenwich, Oliver Mead..... 10 00
 Thomas A. Mead..... 5 00
 Hartford, Warburton Miss'n School,
 for library..... 20 00
 Madison, Cong. church..... 10 00
 Meriden, 1st Cong. church, to const.
 Charles H. Pinks, Wilbur H.
 Squire and John Bennett, L. M's... 100 00
 New Haven, North church..... 30 60
 Edward E. Mix..... 1 00
 A. B. Beach..... 1 00
 North Haven, Miss Elizabeth Blakes-
 lee..... 2 00
 Norwich, 2nd Cong. church..... 74 49
 Thomas Cosgrove..... 1 00
 Rockville, 2nd Cong. church..... 36 46
 Rocky Hill, Cong. church S. S..... 25 00
 Southbury, E. P. Hine..... 1 00

NEW YORK.

Brooklyn, Central Cong. Soc'y..... 167 89
 1st Ref. church..... 70 72
 2nd Pres. church..... 49 13
 Mrs. M. G. Brinkerhoff..... 5 00
 Buffalo, M. R. Eams, for lib'y in name
 of Mrs. Eliza A. Eams..... 20 00
 Fairmount, Mrs. George Geddes, for a
 loan library..... 20 00
 Kingston, 1st Ref. ch. S. S. for a loan
 lib'y in name of Robert Wilton... 20 00
 Knowlesville, Carrie L. Moore..... 1 00
 New York City, John Dwight..... 100 00
 Brown Bros. & Co..... 100 00
 W. H. Parsons & Co..... 50 00
 Arthur W. Benson..... 25 00
 Bates, Reed & Cooley..... 20 00
 Benjamin H. Field..... 20 00
 Avails of collection for American
 seamen from passengers on steam-
 ship *Brittanic*, Sept. 16th, through
 George F. Williams, Esq., of Bos-
 ton, Mass..... 17 42
 F. A. Palmer..... 10 00
 Daniel D. Lord..... 10 00
 C. F. Hunter..... 10 00
 Edwin Mead..... 10 00
 Caleb B. Knevals..... 10 00
 Catlin & Co..... 5 00
 N. and M. Niles..... 5 00
 W. C. Bennett..... 5 00
 D. H..... 5 00
 Capt. R. G. W. Thompson, bark
Robert S. Bernard, for lib. work... 2 00
 Capt. Gifford, bark *J. Baizley*, for
 lib. work..... 2 00
 Capt. Joseph Baxter, bark *R. M.*
Haywood, for lib. work..... 1 00
 Port Jefferson, W. S. C. Webster..... 1 00
 Prattsburgh, Pres. church..... 6 31
 Southampton, Emma J. Hunting, for
 the Hunting and Corwith loan
 lib's, Nos. 2, 3 and 4..... 60 00

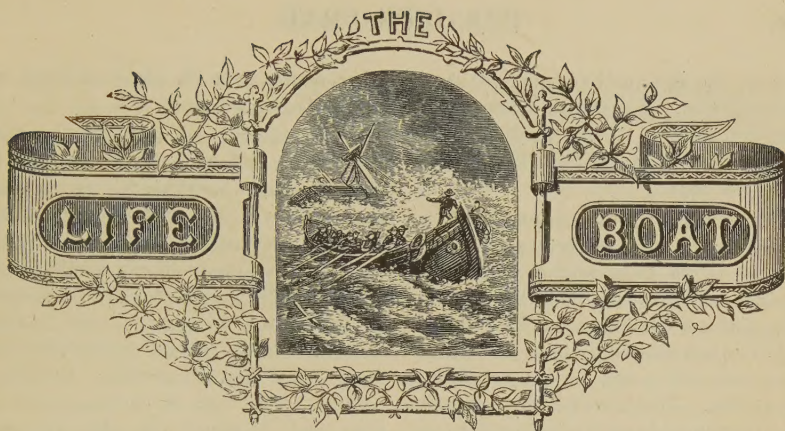
NEW JERSEY.

Camden, H. R. Sharp..... 5 00
 Jersey City, Lafayette Ref. church... 12 00
 Newark, 2nd Pres. church..... 4 51

PENNSYLVANIA.

Montrose, Mrs. Henry A. Riley, for a
 loan library in memoriam Rev.
 Henry A. Riley..... 20 00

\$2,314 47



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—Ecc. II: 1.

Sea-Cucumbers.

BY SARAH COOPER.

The shore of Maine, you will remember, is very uneven, being broken by a succession of sharp promontories and quiet bays, and skirted with a fringe of lovely islands. Here is an endless variety of bold rocky cliffs, of secluded caves and quiet little pools, with the pleasing surprise of occasional short sandy beaches. We can scarcely imagine a shore better fitted than this to suit the various tastes of the sea creatures, and our search here is pretty sure to be rewarded by finding sea-anemones, star-fish, sea-urchins, sea-cucumbers, etc., besides a variety of shell-fish. Sea-weeds also grow in abundance, coloring the water with their beautiful tints.

This is true of the New England coast as far south as Cape Cod, while below that point the sandy beaches of the Atlantic shore are not favorable for the growth of these animals. In addition to the loose sand which is washed up on the beach, the great number of rivers emptying fresh-water into the sea renders it still more unfavorable for their abode.

As found on the beach, a sea-cucumber would remind you of a leather bag, somewhat worm-like in form, with no hard shell, and marked with rows of warts down the sides like a cucumber. The

skin is tough, yet it may expand and contract in a curious manner. This gives the animals the power of changing their shape, which often makes them look ridiculous.

A group of young people watching the movements of a sea-cucumber were once greatly amused at the odd shapes into which it changed, as if performing for their especial entertainment. It sometimes lengthened out its body like a worm, then drawing itself in tightly around the mouth, the other end of the body swelled out like a jug. Suddenly, tiring of this freak, it began to make an hour-glass by contracting its body, as if a string were tied around the middle of it, with bulges above and below. The children were anxious to see its tentacles, but it would not put them out. There was no way to persuade the funny creature, and they wondered if it had grown obstinate.

The tentacles of a sea-cucumber form a feathery fringe around the mouth. Their number is usually ten, and they have the same curious power of changing their shape that we have noticed in the body of the animal. Sometimes the tentacles are contracted in the middle and swollen both above and below, or drawn in very

thin at the base and bulged out above like a balloon. The mouth opens into a pharynx leading to the stomach. The long intestine passes to the other extremity of the body.

From the general appearance of the sea-cucumber you will scarcely suspect that it is one of the Echinoderms, but watch it creep over the rocks, and the relationship is at once established. The tube-feet will steal out noiselessly from those wart-like spots, and it will travel just like a sea-urchin. The tube-feet are arranged on five muscular bands running from end to end, and dividing the body into five segments. The spaces between the tube-feet correspond to the spaces which are covered with spines in the sea-urchin. One species of sea-cucumber has the tube-feet all collected on the under side of the body. It is called a "sea-orange," probably from the rough rounded markings on the skin. In those species which have no tube-feet the animal is dragged along by the aid of anchor-shaped spicules scattered through the skin.

The madreporic body is not on the outer surface, as it is in other members of the family. It opens upon a little canal in the interior, which supplies the tube-feet with water. Although hidden from our view, this tiny sieve filters the water perfectly, and allows no irritating particles to enter the tube. The only resemblance to the Radiates which we detect in these animals is in the arrangement of their tentacles and their tube-feet and muscular bands.

The sea-cucumber does not break itself to pieces as the star-fish does, but it has a peculiarity quite as remarkable: when alarmed it throws out various organs from the interior of the body, and, strange to say, these castaway organs are soon replaced by others. Dr. Johnson writes of a sea-cucumber which parted with its organs in this manner when he had failed for several days to give it a fresh supply of sea water. Still it did not die, for

other organs grew in place of those so recklessly thrown away.

Sea-cucumbers, or holothurians, as they are properly called, are most abundant in tropical seas, where they lie in the mud or in shallow water, with their tentacles floating in expectation of pray. These creatures, as found on our shores, with their tentacles snugly stowed away, have no pretensions to beauty. One species from the Pacific Ocean is described as being much handsomer than the rest of its kind. The body is as transparent as glass, and of a lovely rose-color, with fine white stripes running from one end to the other, and crowned with a wreath of pure white tentacles.

Another kind of sea-cucumber, called the trepang, is a favorite article of food with the Chinese. Many thousand junks are engaged in the trepang fisheries in the Indian Ocean. The trepangs are caught with a harpoon as they creep over the rocks and corals, or, when the water is shallow, they are brought up by divers. While yet alive the animals are thrown into boiling sea-water, and stirred with a long stick. After being boiled and flattened with stones, the Malay fishermen spread them on bamboo mats, where they are dried and smoked; then they are packed and shipped to the Chinese market. I do not believe that you or I would care to taste them; but the Chinese appetite is different from ours, and we seldom covet their dainties.

Some of you, no doubt, have found little lumps of clear transparent jelly left on the sea-shore by the retreating tide. Many of these jelly lumps are the undeveloped young of the class of animals we have been studying, and if some time you should place a number of them in sea-water, and change the water frequently, you may have the pleasure of watching their development, and see what special form they assume. These animals produce great quantities of young ones. It is necessary they should do so, or the race

would soon die out, as they are devoured in such numbers by the fish that a small proportion of them live to maturity.

The sea contains myriads of animals that prey on each other, the larger ones eating the smaller; and we can form but little idea of the amount of life continually sacrificed for the support of that which remains. It seems almost marvelous that any of the delicate little ones should escape the hungry hordes that pursue them.
—*Harper's Young People.*

The Life Boat—Special Notice.

Our monthly visits to the Sabbath Schools which donate loan libraries to sailors have been regularly made since 1857, and the paper has had much to do in creating and sustaining an interest in the library work which has now become so great an agency for good among seamen. Not seldom, however, has it been found that we could not do for that or for our readers, in four pages, all that we desired. Accordingly, commencing with the next issue, (January, 1884,) it has been decided to increase our size to eight pages, at least four times per year,—say, for the present, in the months of January, April, July and October. The paper will be distributed on the same terms as heretofore, *50 copies monthly, for one year, postpaid, being sent to any Sabbath School providing \$20 to send out a loan library to sailors*,—and we bespeak the efforts of all friends of the good cause, to extend its circulation.

The Education of Girls.

A little paper called *Girl Life*, just started in this city, contains in its initial number an interesting letter from Miss Louisa M. Alcott, in which, after expressing approval of the objects of the paper, she says: "I can only hope that with the new and freer ideas now coming up, some of the good old ways may also be restored. The respect shown to the aged, modest

women, simple dress, home-keeping daughters learning from good mothers the domestic arts, so much better than the too early frivolity and freedom so many girls enjoy now. The little daughter sent me by my dying sister has given me a renewed interest in the education of girls, and a fresh anxiety concerning the sort of society she is to enter by and by. Health comes first and an early knowledge of truth, obedience and self-control. Then such necessary lessons as all must learn, and later such accomplishments as taste and talent lead her to desire; then a profession or trade to fall back upon in time of need, that she may not be dependent or too proud to work for her bread."

"Consider the Lilies."

They have no care:—

They bend their heads before the storm,
And rise to meet the sunshine warm,
And dance responsive to the breeze,
And nestle underneath the trees,
And take whatever life shall bring
As gayly as the birds that sing.

They do not toil:—

Content with their allotted task
They do but grow, they do not ask
A richer lot, a higher sphere,
But in their loveliness appear
And grow and smile, and do their best,—
And unto God they leave the rest.

They have no sin:—

Their pure sweet faces, they upraise,
And shrink not from the sun's bright gaze.
And if the earth should soil, the rain
Comes down to make them clean again,
And, scented, beautiful, and white,
They live their lives in God's dear sight.

They weep no tears:—

No shadow dims their happiness,
They do but live the world to bless:
Enough have they of cloth of gold,
They lift the cups the dew to hold,
About them are the light and song,
And they are glad the whole day long.

God cares for them:—

His love is over every one,
He wills their good, His will be done!
He does neglect no single flower,
He makes them rich with sun and shower,
Their song of trust is sweet and clear—
And he that hath an ear may hear!

Marianne Farningham.

Loan Library Reports.

The whole number of new Loan Libraries sent to sea from the Rooms of the American Seamen's Friend Society at New York and at Boston, Mass., from 1858-9, to April 1st, 1883, was 7,764; and the reshipments of the same for the same period were 8,100; the total shipments aggregating 15,864. The number of volumes in these libraries was 419,420, and they were accessible, by original and reshipment, to 301,425 men. Nine hundred and forty-three libraries, with 33,948 volumes were placed upon vessels in the United States Navy, and in Naval Hospitals, and were accessible to 107,995 men.—One hundred and six libraries were placed in one hundred and six Stations of the United States Life Saving Service, containing 3,816 volumes, accessible to seven hundred and forty-two Keepers and surfmen.

During October, 1883, sixty-two loan libraries, twenty new and forty-two reshipped, were sent to sea from our Rooms at New York and Boston. The new libraries were Nos. 7,799-8,011, inclusive, at New York;—and Nos. 7,888, 7,889, and 7,891-7,895, inclusive, at Boston.

The forty-two libraries reshipped were:—

No. 3,644,	No. 5,180,	No. 5,923,	No. 6,230,	No. 6,707,	No. 7,043,	No. 7,216,	No. 7,467,	No. 7,819,
" 4,527,	" 5,453,	" 5,932,	" 6,400,	" 6,755,	" 7,056,	" 7,232,	" 7,523,	" 7,811.
" 4,623,	" 5,649,	" 6,030,	" 6,441,	" 6,780,	" 7,069,	" 7,287,	" 7,567,	
" 4,867,	" 5,867,	" 6,048,	" 6,522,	" 6,831,	" 7,037,	" 7,292,	" 7,693,	
" 5,070,	" 5,893,	" 6,116,	" 6,577,	" 6,938,	" 7,239,	" 7,352,	" 7,814,	

Sure and Faithful.

"Charlie, Charlie!" clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell, the voice rippled over the common.

"That's mother," said one of the boys, and he instantly threw down his bat and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet! Have it out!"

"Finish the game. Try it again," cried the players, in noisy chorus.

"I must go,—right off,—this minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make believe you didn't hear," they exclaimed.

"But I did hear,"

"She won't know you did."

"But I know it and,—"

"Let him go," said a bystander, "you can't do anything with him; he is tied to his mother's apron strings."

"That's so," said Charles, "and it's what every boy ought to be tied to, and in a hard knot too."

"But I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called," said one.

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's

word to his mother," answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes; "I call that manly; and the boy who don't keep his word to her will never keep it to any one else—you see if he does;"—and he hurried away to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played on the common. Charlie Gray is a prosperous business man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say of him that 'his word is a bond.' We ask him how he acquired such a reputation. "I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great a temptation, and the habits, thus formed then, have clung to me through life."

American Seamen's Friend Society.

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 Rev. S. H. HALL, D. D., *Secretary.*
 WILLIAM C. STURGES, Esq., *Treasurer.*
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 U. S. A.